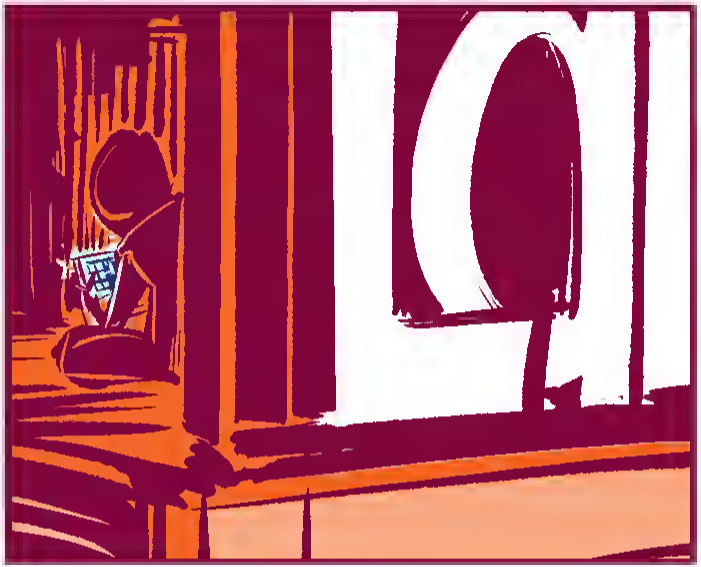
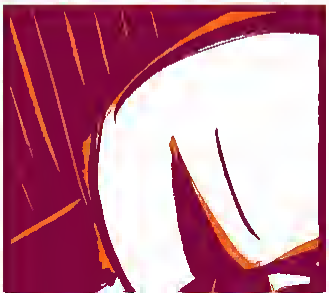
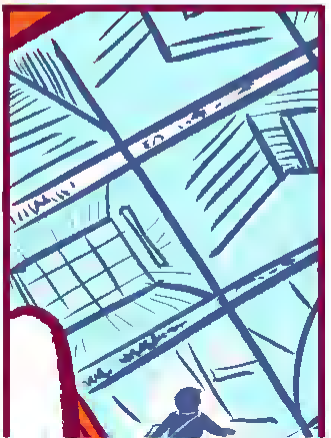
IGMF

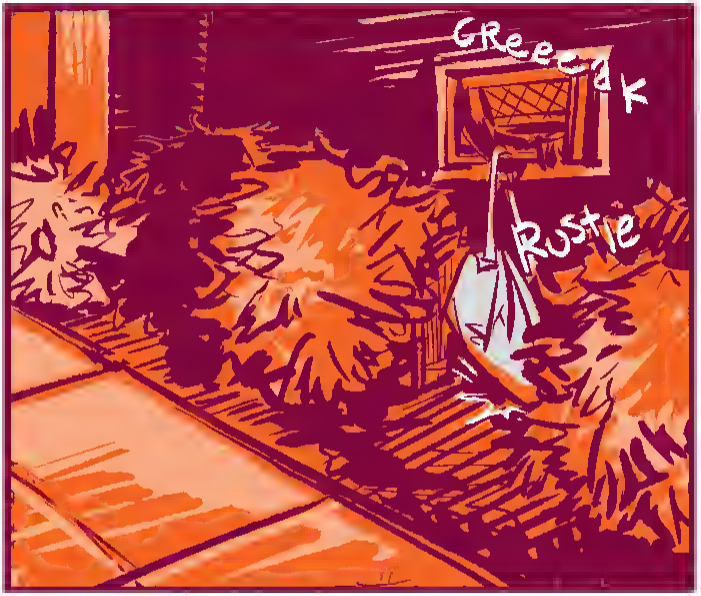


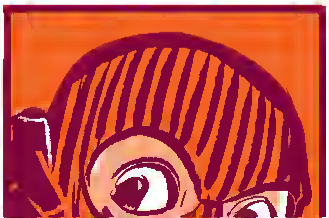



Bingo.

POWER BALLAD

CHAPTER EIGHT


GReeeak
RUSTle

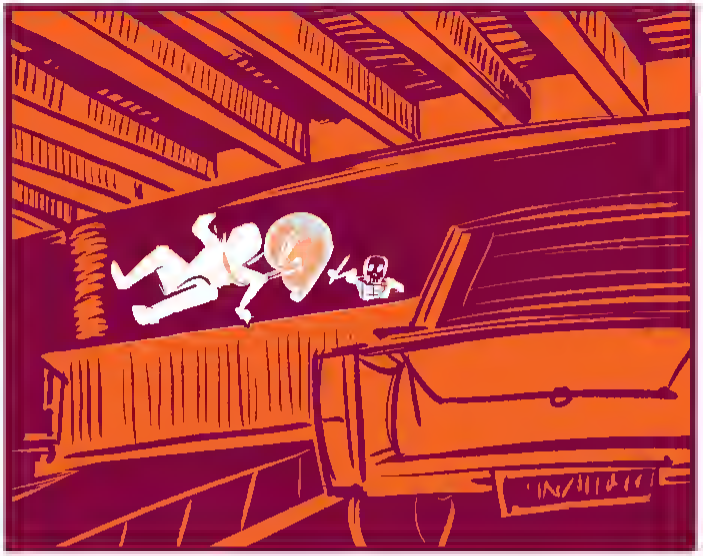


aHEM.

Why are you stealing Gallos?

Oh shit, it's that wacko in the skeleton costume.

I gotta go.



oof!

THUMP
Hu
oof!
UMP
huf
huf

THUD

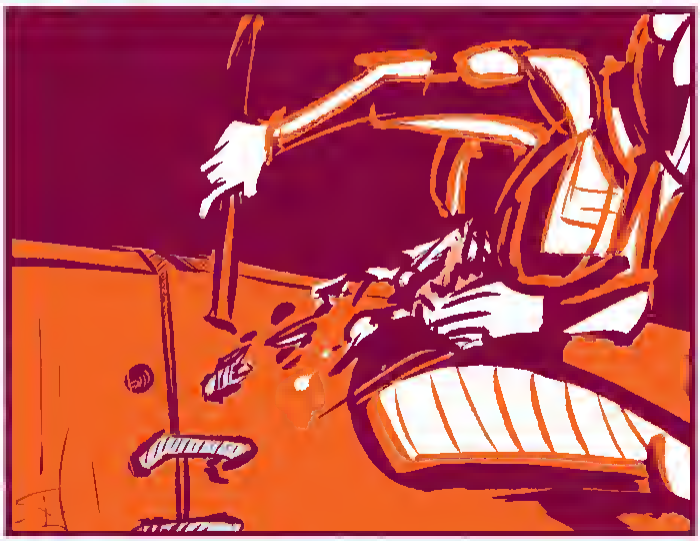
Why.
Are.

You.

Stealing.

Gallos.

Oof!



VRRR

THWACK

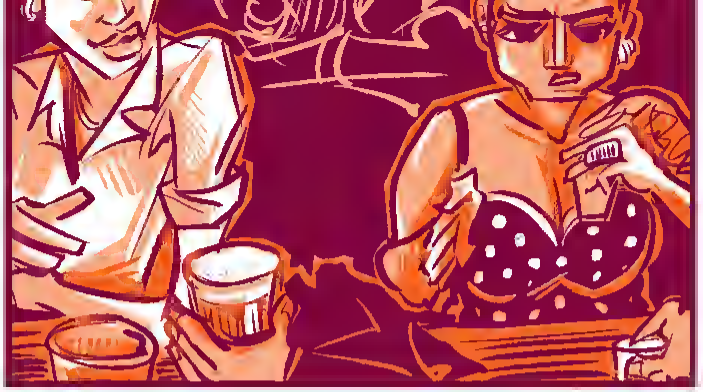
PARKING
EEEEEEE

huhf
huhf

Ohhhh shit.
Look out, Meera's got her hookup dress on!

This is not my hookup dress.
Uh-huh. sure, okay.
Haven't seen you in a while. What's up?
OH HEY! HA
HA HA HA

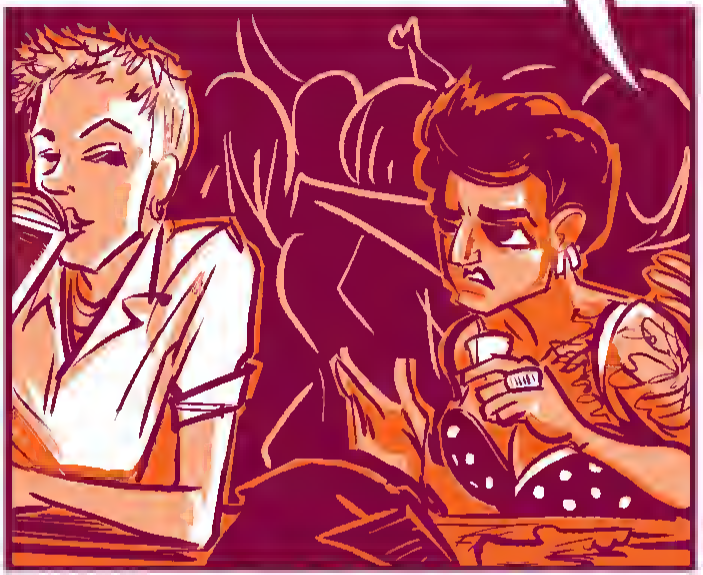
Oh, I just. You know. Work's been kind of insane.
I just needed to get out, have a couple cocktails, maybe dance a little, and relax for a night.
Woo!



In your hookup dress.

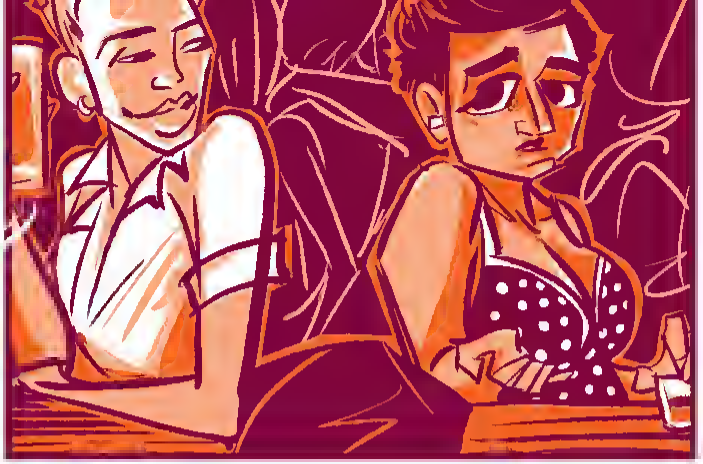
It's *not* my—

Sorry to interrupt—



—but I just had to come over and tell you that dress looks *amazing* on you.

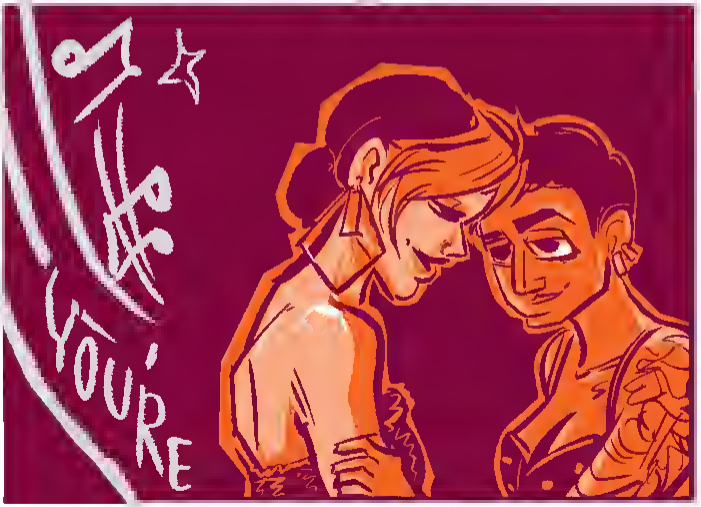
Well, it works.



That's so sweet!

I'm Meera, and I *love* your shoes.

Sooooooo, not to be sleazy, but my apartment's not that far from—

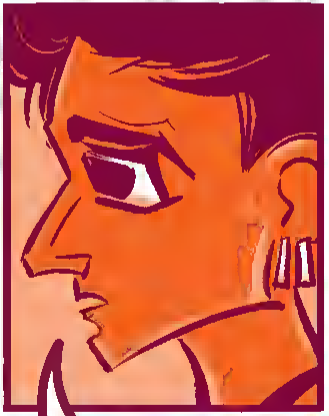


Ohmigod, Carina!

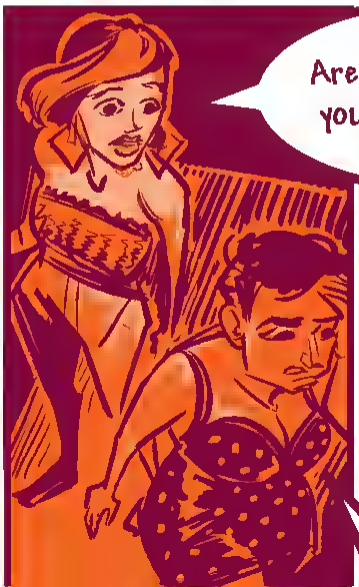
Ohmigod, Carina!
Huh?
Carina's new single!
Ohmigod, I love it sooo much.

C'mon. I wanna dance.

Let's stay for this song, then we can head out. Yeah?


Uh, right.
I mean, no.
Sorry, I just remembered I have

to—not do this.



Are you—did I make you uncomfortable?

No, no, not at all!

You're great, I just.

Weird headspace, bad timing.

100% my bad. Sorry.

Nice to meet you, Lori!

Meera, you dumbass.

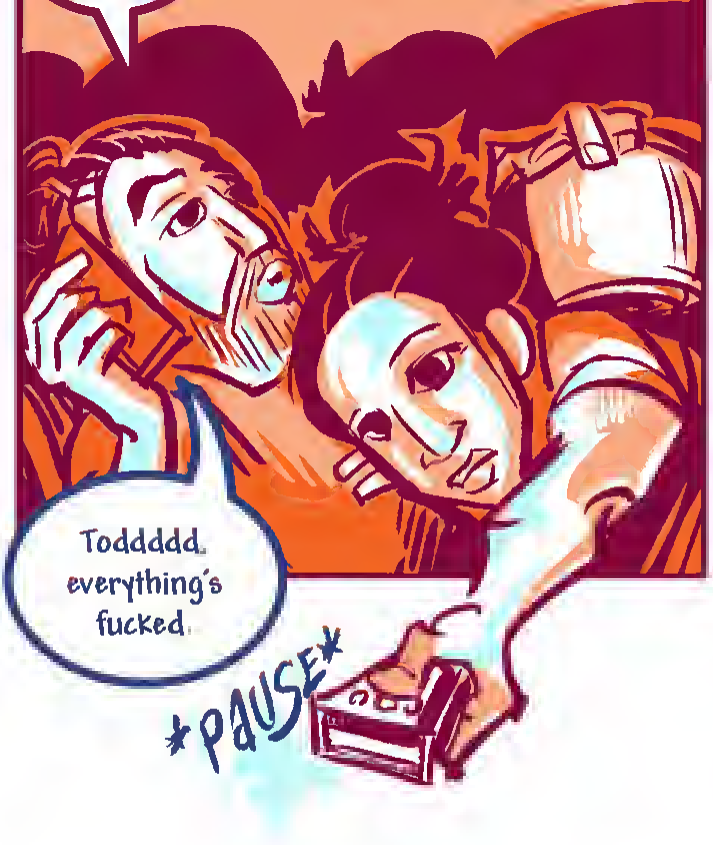
Thanks a lot, cockblock!

GRAH!

Why do these people always go into the scary dark basement?
You couldn't get me into that basement at gunpoint.
AHH!
I'LL RUN!

Beep
Beep
Bi-deep
beep

Hey.


Toddddd.
everything's
fucked.
pause

Huh?
I was trying to hook up tonight—I wore my hookup dress and everything.
But then Carrie's new song came on and all I could think about was how she's not here.
How drunk are you right now?
I'm not drunk,

I'm sad.
ENCY
T ONLY
ARC5
AR
ARC5
AR
ARC5
AR
ARC

Okay, well, I think you should find a cab home and drink some water until your blood sadness level is a little lower.

I'm so hung up on her, I can't even fuck hot neurosurgeons I meet in bars.

This is *bullshit*.

Yes, it's totally bullshit, and I'm sorry you're sad.

I don't know what to tell you, except wait for the feelings to go away.

I—.

Do you think I should quit my job?

Like, if I'm miserable, and hanging around tragically

wanting to like, wife her up, should I just not be around her anymore?

That would help, right?

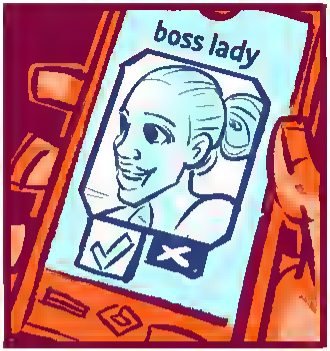
That's a pretty extreme move, though. What else would you even do?

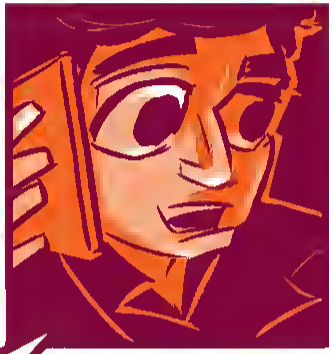
I dunno. ...I don't like feeling this way.

Well, if you want my advice, and trust me, you *want my advice*: don't make any decisions or phone calls until morning.

You're kinda sad and ...flammable right now, so things'll probably make more sense when at least one of those things is fixed.

beep!



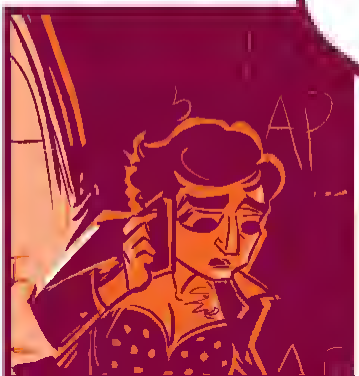


It's Carrie! Sorry, Todd, gotta take this.

Carrie?

Wait, you're where? I didn't even know you knew where I lived.

What do you mean "a little bit" hit by a car?



No, I'll be right there—I'm on my way home now.

No, don't worry about it, you're not interrupting anything.

Seriously, fifteen minutes. Wait there. *Do not move.*

To Be Continued
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